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Depression



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Chapter 1 by Shae

I have just gotten out of depression in the 6th grade, but now in the 7th grade 3 quarters in and I'm depressed again... Yeah this is stupid but everyone is taking about their love life. Why can't someone love me? Why can't I have some of the glory, and its just not about love either, I've been bullied since the first grade and now I have only but 3 or 4 true friends. Please don't say anything bad for the next chapter, this is true not fake, storywars is something for me to get away from the real world.

Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



I'm sorry about your depression. Really.

I'm in 8th grade and suffer from spontaneous depression, where I'm fine for a couple months, and very suddenly depressed for anything from a week to a number of months.

While the depressions get farther and farther apart each time, I still remember. I still remember that feeling that I was separate from everybody, that I was different and not for the better.

I remember wondering just how many people would care if I died, or how many people actually

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I know better than most
that depression is
different perspectives all

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Great World, Great Stories

But I also know what reading can do to you. Make you withdraw from the world. That's the worst part about it. Even the solutions sometimes make your depression worse.

So please, please don't withdraw from your world.

Chapter 3 by josie



I'm so sorry, really, you guys. But, here is my TRUE story that I don't talk about a lot. But, here it goes!

So, people can be mean. That's where it all started; In third grade. I was an outcast. Since third grade. Yea. So, I didn't think anything was wrong about it; I knew what bullying was and I knew people did it, so I ignored it. Until around fourth or fifth grade. Probably fifth grade, I remember I was 11, I decided I was bisexual. I told one of my friends and guess what, she didn't approve! As much as my life sucked already, I lost one of my closest friends for being who I was. I told another friend of mine, and turned out she was bi, too. That made me feel better; up until she was put into a psych ward for suicide attempts and hearing and seeing things. I lost, yet another, best friend. It was the first time I cut myself, 12 years old. She was finally (almost) cured of depression and anxiety and panic disorder, etc. I told her about it and she sent me a picture of her cuts... So deep and so many. I hated myself and this f*cked up world for so many reasons, but what I realized was; I hadn't had an actual reason to be depressed, but I was. That's when anxiety kicked in. I was never really diagnosed for that, but that's because I never told my parents anything, my anxiety attacks were so bad... I listened to 'emo' bands and started acting so depressed, ALL THE TIME. My parents asked me why (PS They are divorced) I told them I was fine, just changing my ways of thinking. They seemed to buy it. Here I am, almost in highschool, depressed and hating life, I can't end my life, I can't stand to see other people suffer.

Chapter 4 by Siouxsie



I suffered from depression my whole life, I understand and I remember the way it felt having to go to school every day. If I wasn't crying in the bathroom or walking alone in the hallways, I was having panic attacks and feeling extremely nauseous. I tried hard to make friends but most of

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I was smart enough to keep my head down and not let anyone know what I was going through. I made the promise to myself that I would never tell anyone about my depression again. I had a close friend, but I had to let her go because of the bullies at school. I had a

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I moved out of my mom's house when I was 13-14 because of neglect. She never made sure that I was okay, even after seeing obvious signs, things like self-harm, not taking care of my needs, not showering, not leaving my room, staying in my night clothing, etc. When she saw cuts she would take my phone, as if that was going to cure me. Seeing that I didn't give a shit about anything at the time, I didn't care if I had a phone or not. When my step mom finally came to get me because I told her about how I felt and that I needed to leave before I actually killed myself, my mom showed her my arms and laughed. "This is her game." She told her. "It's all for attention." At this point I had to look away because I was on the verge of tears. Did my own MOTHER just throw me to the wolves like this? "Keep it up and I'll send you to a hospital." Since that day I see her about 2-3 times a year. Only on special holidays. I'm 24 now and I still haven't gotten an apology from my mother, and I never will.

I first found out I had bipolar disorder, chronic depression and severe anxiety when I was 15. At this point doing anything that involved leaving the house would terrify me. I would hyperventilate, sweat, cry etc. Anytime that I had to leave to do simple things. I would stay in my pajamas for 2 days and not even be aware that I did. I would brush my hair once every two weeks MAYBE. Brushing my teeth wasn't even in my schedule until I worried I would get tooth problems.

Every day I felt nauseous because the depression had fucked my stomach up. I took pills for acid reflex because I have a bad case of it. Worrying also made my stomach a wreck, I worry even when I don't have to. People never knew why I would worry, I mostly didn't either.

Biting my nails, shaking my legs, biting my lip etc were common things that I would do when feeling on edge. Most of the time people thought I was angry which in some cases was true, the bipolar gives me waves of pure rage that I can't seem to control no matter how hard I try to. Even when something awesome happens, one second I could be happy and then next I want nothing to do with anybody.

I'll cut this short because I'm new to this site and don't know the ropes yet :)

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Here's my TRUE story

This is the end of the story

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...Until 7th grade

I'm currently in 8th but this girl body and slut-shamed me until I was cutting myself. I hated my body already at that point because no one liked me. She got all of my friends to gang up on me and agree with her when she said I was ugly and I had no boobs or butt, etc.

This year we got into a fight over it and she got most of my friends to leave me.

Some girls say that we are "good friends" and that "nobody hates me" but I think that they just say that so they can feel better about themselves....

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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